



# SHARP'S

NEW

## LONDON SONGSTER;

BEING A

COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST & MOST FAVORITE  
SONGS OF THE DAY.

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## THE BARREL OF PORK.

An original comic song, written by Mr. J. W. Burden, and sung with shouts of laughter and applause at the London Concerts.

Tune—Derry down.

Two Israelite brothers in New York once dwelt,  
And in all kinds of merchandize freely they [dealt,  
They were thought to be wealthy—between I and you—  
Each brother was really as rich as a Jew.

Derry down, &c.

No creditor e'er went away from their door,  
Till Death call'd on Moses to settle his score—  
No mortal can ever evade such a call,  
So Moses he slept, sirs, his last sleep of all.

Then Isaac, his brother exclaim'd, 'Lucky elf!  
All his goods and his monies belong to myself—  
Ah, but stop—dere's his vill, I must just read  
it through,  
To see what poor Moses would have me to do.

The will, thus it ran—' When I shall cease to live,  
All my cash and my goods to my brother I [give,  
Upon this condition, that hard he shall toil,  
To bury my body in English soil.'

Isaac tried every captain, but could none prevail,

For none would agree with the body to sail.  
But not to be baulk'd, he set quickly to work,  
And embarked it at last as a barrel of pork.

Mo was cut up to pieces with chopper and knife,

He had never been cut up so much in his life—  
Isaac wrote to his agent, explaining the plan,  
And begg'd him to bury the poor pickled man.

Some months after this, as he walk'd on the wharf, [dwarf.

He met with the Captain—a 'sallow-fac'd  
Vell, goot 'captain,' he cried, looking cautiously round,

'You deliver'd mine parcel, I hope, safe and sound?'

Said the captain, 'Friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say,

That during our trip we were near cast away—  
When in sight of old England we lay a sheer bulk,

And provisions being scarce, we were forc'd to break bulk.

'Break bulk! roared out Isaac, 'you're worse nor a Turk—

But surely you ne'er proke my parrel of pork?'

'Indeed but we did,' cried the captain—don't huff,

For I'll pay your own price, though 'twas devilish tough.'

'O, mine Got! cried poor Isaac, 'as I am a sinner,

You've eat up my poor proder Moses for [dinner

'Your brother! why zounds, then myself and my crew,

Have regaled for three days on a piece of tough Jew!'

'But come now, friend Isaac, to finish this work,

I'll pay for your brother, as though he was [pork.

'No, no!' replied Isaac, 'though we cheat one another, [brother!'

Our law won't permit us to sell our own

The Captain again in his purse put the gold, Which Isaac espying, cried 'Goot captain hold!

Though I can't touch de cash for dat broder [of mine.  
You can pay me, you know, for de parrel and prine!'

## OH, WE'LL SET THE BELLS A RINGING.

Comic Duett, sung by Mr. Coreno and Mrs. R. Barnett, at the City of London Theatre.

He. Oh, I'll set the bells a ringing,  
Naught but dancing, drinking, singing;  
Oh, I'll set the bells a ringing,  
When I get my handsome wife.

She. Sir, you would be me deceiving,  
Men like you there's no believing;  
If you give me cause for grieving,  
I must be another's wife.

Both. Oh, I'll set the bells a ringing,  
Naught but dancing, drinking, singing!

Oh, I'll set the bells a ringing,

When I get my handsome wife.

He. Oh, she'd make a wife so dapper,  
None on earth could ever cap her,  
If she'd but a shorter clapper,  
She would make a charming wife.

She. A shorter clapper!

He. How she cries out!

She. I could tear his ugly eyes out!

He. She's a vixen I can see,

She. You no husband are for me.

Both. Oh, we'll set the bells a ringing.



## TOMMY WOOD.

Composed and sung by Mr. C. Randall.

Tune—Billy Nutts.

Billy Nutts, there's versions three,  
 Each one is pretty good, sirs;  
 Our kind attention now I crave,  
 While I tell of Tommy Wood, sirs.  
 Tothill-street I do reside,  
 And you don't know a finer;  
 Ever men do me surround.  
 Though they are called a penny-a-liner.  
 So all agree to welcome me,  
 Because my lines are good, sirs;  
 A cutting name I do possess,  
 And that is Tommy Wood.

My purse with gold is not too full,  
 So robbers I ne'er fear, sirs;  
 And wine I very seldom touch,  
 Because I prefer small beer, sirs.  
 The times with me are very hard,  
 But with contentment I am blest,  
 For in these days of charity,  
 The poor are all oppressed.

*Spoken*—But, talking of oppression, I have a few lines upon oppression. I'll recite them. Lines upon Oppression, after the style of Leo X., with illustrations, by Harry of Exeter—(Modern, rather).

Oppression now in various forms,  
 Dost visit all of late;  
 Some by their betters are oppressed,  
 And some by Church and State.  
 Each one his petty notion holds,  
 To make the matter shorter,  
 A Phillpotts makes a Gorham feel,  
 Because he don't think much of water.  
 The rich, the poor do oft oppress,  
 By over toi, and angry looks,  
 While Churchwarden Gibbs he does the same  
 By keeping off his books.

These various themes come home to all,  
 To men of every station;  
 And Foreigners send here their things  
 To oppress our English nation.  
 Their singers come from distant lands  
 To seek their daily food,  
 While native talent pines and frets,  
 Like your servant, Tommy Wood."

Oh! better days that I have seen,  
 But they are now gone by;  
 First-rate clothes I used to wear,  
 And a glass was in my eye.  
 My trousers were Parisian cut,  
 And drab coat on my back,  
 With red cravat around my neck,  
 I was a gent quite crack.

*Spoken*—Talking of gents, I have some lines upon gents—I'll recite them. Lines upon a Gent, after the style of Albert Smith, with illustrations from Mr Wright, of the Adelphi.

A modern gent is in my view,  
 With bear-skin wrapper and trousers blue  
 Who tries to make himself an ass,  
 By winking at the girls that pass.  
 While on his master's work he's bent,  
 And owes three-and-six for his week's rent,  
 And all his clothes do tell too well,  
 He's what is called a seedy swell.

But should he have money in the locker,  
 His amusement's ring a bell, pull off a  
 knocker;  
 For which he's locked up till next day,  
 And ten shillings for his foolery pay.  
 While modern gents admire his plan,  
 Call him a brick, or a fast man;  
 To Evans's each night he struts along,  
 And calls for Sharp, or a slang song;  
 At other people he will jeer and quiz,  
 While all put him down as what he is—  
 'A Snob.' So all, &c.

Through various streets and squares I roam  
 For subjects for my book;  
 And oft I cast a wicked leer  
 At the housemaids and the cooks.  
 Some the shirt makers do admire,  
 And for milliners are always ready,  
 But mine it is a cupboard love,  
 And they are starved already.

*Spoken*—But, talking of shirt makers, I have a few lines that I wrote after reading the *Household Narrative* for July. Style true, warranted. I'll recite them.

"Not long ago, 'tis very plain,  
 A savage live in Gutter-lane;  
 A female starver was his trade,  
 And eightpence for each shirt he paid;  
 But should a fault come near his reach,  
 He only deducted threepence each,  
 Making fivepence for a hard day's toil,  
 In this land of freedom, British soil.  
 Follow her to her home of poverty and dirt,  
 And watch the maker of your shirt,  
 On whom ill fortune thus hath cast a cloud,  
 For with the shirt she maketh her own shroud.

While Jew slopsellers profit by her fate,  
 And live at ease, magnificence, and state;  
 They being kept so much below their station,  
 Have one hope left, that is emigration.

*Spoken*—But, perhaps, all of you have seen something of the chances and changes of this life—I have, therefore, thought that it is a subject not to be passed over, but as chance and change are both poetical titles, I shall entitle them lines upon *Contingencies*, after the style of Lord John Manners, with illustrations from the author of *Satan's Woman*, and omitting the hard words from both.



Then when morning 'gins to break,  
Home I'll reel to bed O,  
Go to sleep when I should wake,  
And rise with aching head O!  
When we're young, &c.

*Speaking.* The Gals says I'm quite *unresistable*, I've got such a *siniating* way with me, they're always on the giggle when I speak to them. I don't know why, but spose they does. It's my *helegant* figure, or the *hinteresting gentillalty* of my manners, or something at all events they falls in love with me. I can't *purwent* 'em, so I takes my chance. Won't I go it a good 'un when I gets to the fair, won't I have a try at all sorts of things—the dancing in *vertickler*, I flatters myself I can come it above a bit—Toe, and heel, double shuffle (*Imitation of Dusty Bob and African Sal*. Then I'm an out and enter, at a Country Dance—hands across—down the middle—up again—turn your partner and puset, (*Imitation of a Country Dance*). Then only let 'em give me a chance for a Hornpipe, I'll tip it like *tippy Cooke* (*Imitation of T. P. Cooke*)

Then—Hey for frolic fun and glee, &c.

## BILLY TWIST OF FETTER LANE.

Favorite Comic Song, sung by Mr. Coreno  
with great applause.

Billy Twist of Fetter Lane,  
Fell in love with Biddy Paine,  
And resolved if she consented soon to wed her,  
But Miss Biddy was a shrew,  
Which poor Billy never knew,  
Till to church with beating bosom he had  
led her.

*Spoken.* Vy Mr. Twist there be a parcel of men folk in the church, I v'on't be married, that's vot I v'on't before all themmen. Oh, my dear, they are only the parson, clerk, and sexton. I don't care, I v'on't say honour and obey, I'm determined—Well, well, I'll say honor and obey—

So he kiss'd away her tears,  
And he eas'd her doubts and fears,  
Silly man, silly man, silly man!  
And whatever she pleased to say,  
Billy never ventured nay,  
Silly man, silly man, silly man.

*Spoken.* Odd man.

As the day was very fine,  
Out of town they went to dine,  
First determined to be happy, gay and merry,  
But alas! his loving bride  
Quite fatigued with such a ride,  
'Gan to quarrel with her condescending deary.

*Spoken.* Vy Mr. Twist, how could you suffer that ore fellow to drive so monstragiously down the hill? Because I was riding on the wings of love, my darling, riding a fiddlestick! Vy he galloped like vot the horses does at Hepsom races. Oh, no my love he only trotted. I say he galloped. Well, well, he did gallop—but he shan't do so any more.

So he kiss'd away her tears, &c.

## COME, THOU ROSY DIMPLED BOY.

An admired Glee, by David Garrick,  
Music Sold by Duncombe & Moon.

Come, thou rosy dimpled boy,  
Source of ev'ry heartfelt joy,  
Haste to Phillida away—  
Haste to Phillida away!  
Haste to Phillida away!  
This is thine and Hymen's day.

Bid her for Love's rites prepare,  
Bid her thy soft bondage bear;  
Let thy nymphs with many a flow'r,  
Deck the rosy nuptial bow'r,  
Thither lead the charming fair,  
And let Hymen to be there.

This is thine and Hymen's day,  
Haste to Phillida away,  
This is thine and Hymen's day;  
Haste to Phillida away,  
Haste to Phillida away.

## THE WATCH-WORD OF PROGRESS

“GO ON.”

Written by E. L. Blanchard. Composed by  
Lovell Phillips.

Published by Duff and Hodgson.

Go on! There's a star shining brightly before  
us, [the track]  
That lights up the future, and points out  
And whilst such a light sheds its brilliancy  
o'er us, [look back]  
Who seeks for the shadow must turn, and  
To the hopes of mankind a new impulse  
given,  
A prize worth the seeking has yet to be won,  
But with faith in ourselves, and reliance on  
Heaven,  
We cherish the watch-word of Progress—  
“Go on!”

Go on! The true heart in its faith never  
falters,  
From chains, that once fettered our minds  
we are freed;  
All Europe has sworn a fresh vow on its altar,  
And England will welcome and foster the  
creed. [brother,  
Inspired by its truth, man to man, shall be  
The white wings of Peace o'er the world  
shall be thrown;  
And he who respects most the rights of another  
will show  
own.



!—with the work of true greatness and glory, [will'd,  
Go on!—in the mission that heaven has  
That those yet unborn, when recording the story, [fulfill'd.  
May tell how well England that mission  
To the brow of the victor we yield up the laurels, [or the pen;  
Who vanquishes Wrong, with the tongue,  
May the struggle for Good be the worst of our quarrels,  
And Angels shall echo the blessing, 'Amen.'

### THERE ARE WORSE LOOKING FELLOWS THAN ME.

Comic Song, written by H. Thornton, Esq.  
Music sold by Duncombe & Moon.

'Tis a blessing in ev'ry state,  
Tho' you have but a poorly lin'd purse,  
You may look on some neighbour whose fate,  
If compar'd, is a precious deal worse;  
And as good looks now go a great way,  
A trim person's best you'll agree,  
That I'm handsome, I don't mean to say—  
But there's worse looking fellows than me.

Some people have regular features,  
As though they were cast in a die,  
But lor! 'tisn't always such creatures,  
As most pleasing are to the eye;  
Now my nose is a little bit pug-gy,  
And I have a slight squint (as you see) 11  
But taking the whole of my mug—why—  
There are worse looking fellows than me.

As statues in parks carv'd in stone,  
A man's symmetry mayn't be so true,  
But folks don't want such limbs you must own  
If they never expose 'em to view;  
They say I'm not burden'd with calf,  
And a weakness I have in the knee,  
But lord! at such trifles I laugh,  
There are worse looking fellows than me.

At parties I cause a sensation,  
And the ladies all feel—I've no doubt,  
'n their bosoms a kind of—pulsation,  
Like Cupid a flutt'ring about;  
I've plenty of pluck—and I need it,  
With rivals I oft disagree,  
And I'll tell you the feelings that breed it,  
They know they're worse looking than me.

Thinks I this flirtation is wrong,  
While the hopes at the girls are at stake,  
I'll marry at once and e'er long,  
Some little fascimilies make;  
So I'm courting a young lady fair,  
Tho' I know she encourages three,  
Yet I think I'm prefer'd she's aware—  
There are worse looking fellows than me

So faithful I'll be 'till I wed,  
Like heroes who figure in books,  
I'm always on guard—for I've read,  
That temptations attend on good looks.  
So girls though I well know the drift,  
Of the many soft glances I see, [shift  
You must look somewhere else—and make  
With some worse looking fellow than me.

I pity the taste of those who  
My pretensions affect to despise,  
Of course you'll exclaim as I do,  
Lord bless 'em, why where are their eyes?  
Comparisons odious are,  
But to look round the room you are free,  
'Gad! you'll find that without going far,  
There's a worse looking fellow than me.

### THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Written by E. T. Watton.

#### AIR—The Literary Dustman.

The folks are all like going mad,  
Both low and upper classes,  
About this Exhibition fad,  
In Hyde Park for the masses;  
There's Welchman, Prussian, Spanish, Greek,  
Swiss, Flemish, Turks, and Frenchmen,  
This wondrous exhibition seek,  
'Cos it won't go and fetch them.

The Chinese talk of ladders long,  
Such as were used for Babel,  
With pig-tails, genuine from Hong Kong,  
As many as they're able.  
The Germans promise saveloys,  
The Irish, pork and whiskey,  
While Austria thinks a few Haynaus  
Would make us rather frisky.

The Russians mean to bring bears' grease,  
The Yankees, quids for all, sirs,  
So what with Dutch, and Nepaulese,  
'Twill be a fancy ball, sirs.  
There'll be the Scotchmen dressed so gay,  
Altho' he wears no trousers,  
Laplander, and Ojibbeway,  
A medley, you'll allow, sirs.

Then haste to England's grandest show,  
Both priest, and politician,  
From India, Poland, Mexico  
Come to this Exhibition;  
At once decide, then, on a trip,  
Whate'er your rank or station,  
For England's hand of fellowship,  
Speaks peace with every Nation.

## FORGET THEE?

Written by T. Forster Ker

Forget thee? no, how could I ever  
 Forget the one my heart admires?  
 No, by my soul, I swear I'll never  
 Forget thee till this life expires!  
 Enshrined within this heaving breast,  
 A living guest thou'lt be;  
 Safe, and secure thou there shalt rest,  
 From this time to eternity!

Nor fame, nor wealth, shall e'er erase,  
 Thy heavenly virtue from my mind;  
 But close within my soul's embrace,  
 All! may thy goodness ever find.  
 Bold tho' my promises appear,  
 They'll equally as noble prove;  
 For they are spoken with sincere  
 Affection, and eternal love!

## THAT BOTHERS ME!

Written by H. E. Spencer.

What poor England in time must come to,  
 That bothers me;  
 Where poor folks will have to run to,  
 That bothers me;  
 If in the workhouse we should bundle,  
 Why we're to be so very humble,  
 Or get shoved elsewhere if we grumble.  
 That bothers me.

Why wages are so very low,  
 That bothers me.  
 Where all the blessed taxes go,  
 That bothers me.  
 How one man, with at least six children,  
 Lives two or three days on a paltry shilling,  
 And pays a woman to wash their linen,  
 That bothers me.

What is meant by being a traitor,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why a donovon's called a tater,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why one man is called a Marquis,  
 Or another styled a Chartist,  
 Why an Actor's dubb'd an Artist,  
 That bothers me.

Why some men are called Reformers,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why a kitchen's called Cider Cellars,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why we are so fond of singing,  
 As to find our way here every ev'ning,  
 Instead of being in bed and snoring,  
 That bothers me.

Why a Bobby's fond of mutton,  
 That bothers me.  
 Or why he should be such a glutton,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why they round the area's dangle,  
 And the blessed bell so handle,  
 Or in the kitchen fiddle faddle,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why there's so much emigration,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why such room for reformation,  
 That bothers me.  
 Why young boys are so precocious,  
 And little puppy's so ferocious,  
 And the girl's so very anxious,  
 That bothers me.

## YOUNG LOVE.

Written by Thomas Forster Ker.

Young Love, to me once came a wooing,  
 With smiling face so gay;  
 And with his sweet and gentle sueing  
 Soon stole my heart away!  
 He whispered fondly future bliss,  
 Should be my portion ever;  
 If unto him in willingness,  
 I'd my poor self deliver.  
 I promised him with vow sincere  
 If he would faithful prove;  
 The one he then esteem'd so dear  
 Would be his own true love.  
 So now we both together dwell  
 And happy, too, are we;  
 For every day doth greater tell  
 Our love and constancy!

## IN THE GIPSY'S LIFE WE READ.

Published by Chappell and Co., New Bond-street.

In the gipsy's life we read,  
 The life that all would like to lead;  
 Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown  
 Where the wild wolf makes his lair;  
 For he who's no home to call his own,  
 Will find a home somewhere.  
 'Tis a maxim told of man,  
 What's another's prize to claim,  
 Then to keep all he can,  
 We gipsies do the same.  
 Thus a habit once, 'tis custom grown,  
 Ev'ry man will take care,  
 If he has no home to call his own,  
 He will find a home somewhere.



## THE SONG OF THE SEXTON.

Music published by Ransford.

Oh, the sights that I see as I ply my lone trade  
In the mouldering dust that a cent'ry hath made,

Where the coffin worm doth creep.  
I began long ago, when my life was still green,  
And my mattock and spade have been active,  
I ween,

To fashion the grave so deep.  
Ho! I laugh as I dig, for they all seek my aid,  
To provide them a home with my mattock and spade.

The rich man hath pass'd me with towering head,  
[was dead,  
But I sung o'er his grave when the scorner  
And I laugh'd as I shovell'd the mould.  
The hungry and wretched ne'er entered his door,  
[poor,  
His heart never bled for the wrongs of the  
For the proud man loved his gold.

Ho! I laugh'd as I dug, for they wanted my aid  
To provide him a home, with my mattock and spade.

I saw a young man in the fresh bloom of life,  
As he came to the church with a trembling young wife,

Lift against me the finger of scorn.  
Oa, the revel was joyous, the dance lasted long,  
[the song—  
But the shriek of the widow soon banished  
The young man died ere morn.

Ho! I laughed as I dug, when they came for my aid,  
To provide him a home with my mattock and spade.

I saw a fair child bend her beautiful head,  
And cull the lone flowers that bloom o'er the dead.

To form a simple wreath.  
The crimson of hectic suffused her pale face;  
In her eyes fearful lustre I tremble to trace  
The herald of early death.

But I pray that ere then the deep home I have made  
May close over me my mattock and spade!

## SLEEP GENTLE LADY.

Popular Glee.

Sleep, gentle lady! the flowers are closing,  
The very waves and winds reposing;  
Oh! may our soft and soothing numbers,  
Trap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers!  
Peace be around thee, Lady bright;  
Sleep while we sing 'Good night, good night!'

## THE MERRY ZINGARA.

I'm a merry, merry Zingara,  
From a golden clime I come;  
My passport is my light guitar,  
Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam.  
I sing of love at the castle gate,  
And happy fortunes tell,  
I read in the stars the coming fate  
Of bachelor and belle.  
Tra la la la, ha! ha!  
Where'er I call I've a smile for all,  
The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

From my Fatherland I'm far away,  
And my couch is in some bower,  
Where calm I sleep till dawn of day,  
My pillow the wild flower.  
By twilight's grey at cottage-door,  
When lovers I surprise,  
I tell how two young hearts adore,  
And read it in their eyes.  
Tra la la la, ha! ha!  
Where'er I call, I've a smile for all,  
The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

## MAID OF LLANGOLLEN.

Tho' lowly my cot, and tho' poor my estate,  
I see without envy the wealthy and great,  
Contented, and proud a poor shepherd to be,  
While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

My way o'er the mountain I cheerfully take,  
At morn, when the song-birds their melody wake;  
And at eve I return with a heart full of glee,  
For the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

Glenarvon's rich lord passes scornfully by,  
But wealth ne'er can make him as happy as I;  
And prouder than even the proudest I'll be,  
While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

## WITH A JOLLY FULL BOTTLE.

A Celebrated Glee.

With a jolly full bottle let each man be arm'd,  
We must be good subjects when our hearts are thus warm'd;

Here's a health to Old England, the Queen,  
and the Church—

May all plotting contrivers be left in the lurch.  
May England's Victoria bravely fight our just cause,

Establish long peace, our religion and laws.

# THE GIPSY KING.

Music Published by Duncombe and Co.

'Tis I'm the Gipsy King!  
And where's the king like me?  
No trouble my dignities bring,  
No other is half so free!  
In my kingdom there is but one table,  
All my subjects partake of my cheer;  
We'd all drink champagne, were we able,  
As it is we have plenty of beer.  
For I'm the Gipsy King, ah! ah!  
For I'm the Gipsy King!

A King and a true one, am I,  
No courtier or minister here:  
I see every thing with mine own eye,  
And hear every thing with my own ear;  
No conspiracy I apprehend,  
Among brothers and sisters I rule;  
We help both to gain and to spend,  
And get drunk when the measure is full.

I confess that I am but a man—  
My failings who please may know—  
I'm fond of my girl and my can,  
And jolly companions a row.  
My subjects are all kind to me,  
They don't grudge me the largest glass;  
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,  
At this moment the prettiest lass.

Ne'er a king do I envy, or Keyser:  
That sits on a golden throne;  
And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,  
Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.  
To sit all night through in a crown,  
I've a notion my years they would  
freeze,  
So I pull my old nightcap down,  
And tiddle and smoke at my ease.

## THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

Oh, have you heard the news of late,  
About this grand affair of state,  
The thought of which fills every pate—  
The Great Arts Exhibition?  
All nations there are to contend,  
Their gems of skill they all will send;  
Oh, what a medley sure will blend,  
At the Great Arts Exhibition!

From France they'll send their Eau-de-vie,  
From China strong Gunpowder Tea;  
From California gold there'll be,  
At the Great Arts Exhibition!  
From India there will come rich grapes,  
From Manchester both prints and tapes;  
And Africa will send some Apes,  
For the Great Arts Exhibition!

The Russian and the Turk will blea  
Of Yankees there will be no erd—  
Australia lots of wool will send,  
For the Great Arts Exhibition!  
From Germany will come rare toys,  
While smiling girls and laughing boys,  
Will, no doubt, add to parent's joys,  
At the Great Arts Exhibition!  
From Holland they'll send cheese and  
Schnapps,  
And from New Zealand lots of flax;  
From Paris there'll be real French Hats,  
At the Great Arts Exhibition!  
Steam Engines also will be there,  
All made and finished with much care;  
At th' Electric Telegraph won't folks stare  
At the great Arts Exhibition.  
May this Great Meeting one thing teach,  
Mankind most happy are in peace;  
May every heart this lesson reach,  
At the Great Arts Exhibition!  
All nations there are to contend,  
Their gems of skill they all will send;  
Oh, what a medley sure will blend,  
At the great Arts Exhibition!

## DREAMING OF KATTY.

Music published by Duff and Hodgson,  
Oxford-street

I was dreaming of thee, darling Katty,  
When you woke me wid that pretty kin  
I dreamt you was joyous and chatty,  
And sharing wid me all my bliss.  
But now am I wakin' to sorrow,  
From me you're a goin' to part—  
Oh! stay wid me, love! or to-morrow,  
Faith and troth, I'll be breaking my heart

Why leave the swate isle of ould Erin  
To live on a wild stranger soil?  
Perchance to be wearin' and tearin'  
Yourself all to pieces wid toil.  
Then stay wid me, honey! don't lave me  
To battle through life all alone!  
Oh, stay, for 'tis parting will grieve me!  
Oh, stay and be bone of my bone!

Now don't ye be afther a cryin'  
And takin' on so,—never mind,  
Though your father and mother are tryin'  
To persuade ye yer Darby's unkind.  
Now is it unkindness to wish ye  
To stay wid myself, ne'er to part?  
There's a kiss for my darlin' acushla,  
You're mine, dearest pulse of my heart!



## ICE-CLAD ALPS.

Published by Duff &amp; Hodgson, Oxford-street.

## RECITATIVE.

The ice-clad Alp no hunter's heart appals,  
While he in memory hears love's cheering  
voice. [gulfh!]

Bold the chasm! deep—deep, the awful  
Deaf! howls below! He fears not while love  
smiles—

While love smiles he fears not.

## AIR.

Who has not mark'd, when the sun was high,  
The hunter linger the lone cot by,  
With his rifle in hand, and his bugle slung,  
As if to that cottage his heart's hope clung.  
There he but waits for his young love's smile.  
The danger and toils of the chase to beguile.

Who has not mark'd, &c.

Who has not mark'd the lattice part,  
And a smile beam forth from the hunter's  
heart, [high  
When his arm, grown strong, bore his rifle  
As he gazed on her sparkling & laughing eye.  
Loud his bugle rends the air,

From rock to rock he's bounding—  
His leap with the chamois may compare,  
Though death his steps surrounding;  
Bold is his heart, for he knows her truth,  
Strong are his limbs with the hopes of youth,  
For the smiles from her glowing face, above  
Told a tale of love returned for love.

Who has not mark'd, &c.

Then arouse thee, brave Jager, and away to  
the hills—

Arouse, and away—away to the hills!

I GUESS'D HE DID IT BUT TO  
TEASE ME.

Published by Williams, Cheapside.

I guess'd he did it but to tease me,  
When Edwin gallanted with Kate,  
So told him it did not displease me  
To see them so gay and elate;  
I bow'd up my head pert and proudly,  
This morn', as I saw him pass by,  
And sang, to be heard, rather loudly—  
I've two or three beaux in my eye.

You know it won't do to seem pining.  
Or ever appear in a pet,  
For wooers, fond mischief designing,  
Will tease maids in love when they fret;  
To tease him in turn I intended,  
When, jeering, I thus passed him by,  
My scorn, he'd have seen was pretended,  
The smile had he mark'd in my eye

Though vanity is the worst feature  
A maiden can have in her mind,  
I fancy my worth and good nature,  
Secure a true lover can bind;  
Should Edwin now prove not a true one,  
Still, taunting, I'll bid him good bye,  
No doubt I shall soon get a new one—  
I've two or three beaux in my eye.

## ROW, ROW, HERES A ROW!

The celebrated Song sung by Mr. Alex. Palmer  
at the London Concerts, written expressly for  
him by Mr. W. S. Cotterell. (Copyright.)

## AIR—The Row Polka.

Row, row, here's a row, politics and polkas  
are making now—

Row, row, what a row, folks are dancing  
mad I vow,

The Germans and the French, Russians,  
Prussians, Yankees,

Are kicking up their heels the world shall  
have no peace.

But for all their fancy pokes, I would'nt give  
two thankees

Palmerton caught the mania, and near  
poked into Greece. Row, row, &c.

Row, row, here's a row, the Hippopotamus is  
making now, [Park, I vow]

Row, row, what a row, in the Regent's  
He's gone to see *bathing*, but still the countless  
noodles, [fashion led]

Run to see the modern wonder, by foolish  
Soon by the ladies, they'll be led about like  
poodles, [to bed.

And, p'raps, for variety, *they'll take the dears*  
Row, row, &c.

Row, row, what a row, Mister Green's been  
making now, [in I vow;

Row, row, tremendous row, taking the natives  
To see him *mount his charger*, in crowds, the  
folks were flocking;

But the only charge, they saw, *was the cow*  
*who takes their tin*— [shocking,

For sentimental noodles, cried out, "how very  
And tho' he *posted the pony*, 'twas a swindling  
take in. Row, row, &c.

Row, row, here's a row, General *Hyena's*  
made, I vow, [now,

Row, row, what a row, o'er at Bankside just  
Oh! the brave boys at Barclay's nobly did  
their duty [cut his stick;

Soon as he showed *his pole*, made the tyrant  
In an ugly manner, rather, they spoil the  
butcher's beauty

Who proved himself a *cur*, and *turned tail*  
precious quick Row, row, &c.



Row, row, what a row, about the Sunday  
Post I vow— [are making now  
Row, row, here's a row, the long jawed saints  
Humbug rules the roast in the precious House  
of Commons,

And so they're stop'd our letters, the hypo-  
crites till Monday, [rum'un,  
Turn a *begging letter cove*, it's not no use my  
Soon ladies, like the *letters*, mus'n't be deli-  
nered on Sunday. Row, row, &c.

Row, row, here's a row, the Nepaulese are  
making now— [making now.

Row, row, what a row, Foreign coves are  
At Opera, Ball, and Fete, each place they  
poke their nose in [each night

Bedeck'd and bejewell'd, *out on the loose*  
After all the *maids*, at every place they goes in  
While the vulgar poor, at them take a sight.  
Row, row, &c.

Row, row, here's a row, Jenny Lind's been  
making now [made I vow

Row, row, what a row, the Nightingale has  
She changes her *Swedish notes*, for John Bull's  
*English gold*, Atlantic,

And then winged her flight, across the broad  
Where to hear this *singing bird*, are given  
sums untold, driven frantic.

Thousands every night, with delight are  
Row, row, &c.

Row, row, here's a row, Prince Albert's shoes  
is making now— [making now.

Row, row, what a row, the Hyde Park is  
With the *trees inside*, there'll be *some, hing*  
*green about it* the crowd, he

When the opening day arrives, standing by  
Will show himself, Prince Albert, my word,  
oh! do not doubt it,

Crying, "walk up, walk up, my rum'uns,  
but first fork out the rowdy."

Row, row, &c.

### THE NERVOUS FAMILY.

We all are nervous, shake shake, trembling,

We all are nervous at our house in town.

Myself and my Wife, and my Sister and my  
Mother, [other;

If left in the dark are all frightened at each  
Our dog runs away if a stranger in the house,

And our great tabby cat too, is frighten'd at  
a mouse.

And we all are nervous, shake shake, trembling  
We all are nervous at our house in town.

My nervous wife can't work at her needle,  
And my shaking hand spills half my cup

of tea; taking,

When wine at her dinner my timid sister's  
It's spilt on the table for so her hand is  
shaking.

My mother taking snuff, very carefully doth  
try,

To pop it up her nose, but she pops it in  
her eye. For she is nervous, &c.

We all at dinner shake, shake at carving:  
And as for snuffing—we oft snuff out the  
light, [try,

Last night ev'ry one did to snuff the candle  
But my wife could not do't, nor my sister,  
nor could I. [with a flout,

'Come, give me the sunfers,' said my mother  
I'll show you how to do't, and she did, and  
snuff'd it out!

For she is so nervous, &c.

Our doctor sends us a great deal of medicine  
To strengthen our nerves, but still they're  
very weak; [and ears,

What's worse, in a law-suit we are over head  
And, of course, for its consequences we all  
have got our fears: [not a flaw.

Our counsel, to comfort us, says our cause has  
Which we think may be true—but you all  
know what is law.

Oh, it makes one nervous, &c.

Our nerves fortell the changes of the weather,  
We are so nervous we're frighten'd at each  
noise, [door!

We have got a watchman to guard the private  
But since we have had him we've been  
frighten'd more and more,

For he falls asleep, and we've found out now  
that he, [as we

In respect to his nerves, oh, is quite as bad  
Oh, the watchman's nerves. &c.

If you, like us, are any way nervous,  
I hope you will pity and not laugh at our  
case, [kind of pills,

Nervous cordials we have taken, and every  
And our money all goes now in paying  
doctors' bills; keep a nurse,

Still we take their advice and their stuff, and  
But instead of getting better, oh, we all get  
worse and worse—

For nurse is nervous. &c.

The mania's spreading thro' the house like a  
wildfire,

And all the servants in fear walk about;  
As if they'd the ague, or some other ill,

They won't move about, tho' they cannot  
stand still,

Nor answer the door to a knock or a ring,  
For fear of a letter announc'd from Mr. Swing

Oh, we're all nervous, &c.

I don't know why, but I'm not quite so trem-  
bling,

Nor nervous here, as at our house in town.



Is caus'd by the company who've driven  
away thinking, [not sinking ?  
(Or drinking good wine that my spirits are  
now feel so hearty that a giant I disdain ;  
And I really do not care if I ne'er go home  
again. For they all are nervous, &c.

### DORA, OR THE CHILD-WIFE'S FAREWELL.

Music Published by Jullien & Co., Regent St.

"Tis better as it is," dear Love !  
Oh ! try to stay those tears !  
The fondness now you feel for me,  
Might fade in after years.  
Oh ! ne'er in thought, or love for you,  
My simple heart have err'd ;  
Forgive me, if these lips e'er breath'd  
One harsh, reproachful word.  
Ah ! is it lonely down-stairs, Love,  
Now I'm no longer there ?  
And do you miss your own Child-wife,  
To see my empty chair ?  
Don't weep, we've known bright, happy days,  
Though sorrow darken this ;  
You could not love me more than now,  
"Tis better as it is."

### A MERRY GIPSY GIRL AGAIN,

Written by Charles Jefferys. The Music by  
C. W. Glover.

A merry Gipsy Girl again,  
I'm free to rove at will  
The woodland wild, the meadow sweet,  
The valley and the hill :—  
How poor the proudest roof ye boast,  
To that high-arched dome  
Whose boundless circle makes me think  
The whole wide world my home :  
Here none can bar the free fresh air,  
Nor mete out heaven's light,  
Nor make the glorious day appear  
Too near akin to night :  
Amid the beauties of the mead  
My summer days are spent,  
And joyfully the stars look down  
Upon my gipsy tent.

I wandered freely as the fawn  
Which hath not learnt to fear  
The death-cry of the hunter's voice,  
Resounding far and near :—  
And bounding through the woods I feel  
As if I, too, could soar,  
Bird-like, upon the wings of joy,  
And sing for evermore !  
Come out, ye pent-up toilers, come,  
From city dark and drear,

And see what gladness Nature has  
In all her beauties here :  
And ere ye seek your homes ye'll say  
Your time has well been spent,  
And wish that all the world could be  
One happy gipsy tent.

### I LIKES A DROP OF GOOD BEER.

Come one and all, both great and small,  
With voices loud and clear ;  
And let us sing bless Billy the King,  
Who 'bated the tax upon beer.  
For I likes my drop of good beer, I do,  
I likes a drop of good beer ;  
And — his eyes who ever tries,  
To rob a poor man of his beer.

Let ministers shape the duty on Cape,  
And cause Port wine to be dear,  
So that they keep the bread and meat cheap,  
And gi's us a drop of good beer.  
For I likes a drop, &c.

In drinking rum the maggots will come,  
And bald pates will appear.  
I never goes out, but I carries about,  
My little pint noggin of beer.  
For I likes a drop, &c.

My wife and I feel always dry,  
At market on Saturday night ;  
Then a noggin of beer, I never need fear,  
For my wife always says that it's  
right.

For she likes a drop, &c.

In harvest field there's nothing can yield,  
The labouring man such good cheer,  
To reap and to sow and make barley grow,  
As to give 'em a skiful of beer,  
For they likes a drop, &c.

Long may Queen Victoria reign,  
And be to her subjects dear,  
And wherever she goes we'll wollop her feet,  
Only give us a skiful of beer.  
For we likes a drop, &c.

The farmers board will plenty afford,  
Let it come from far and from near,  
And at harvest-home the jug will foam,  
If he gives his men plenty of beer,  
For they likes a drop of good beer,  
For I likes a drop o' good beer,  
And d—n his eyes who ever tries,  
To rob a poor man of his beer.

(The Singer mostly speaks the first line of the burden,  
and shouts "Chorus;" for the purpose of inducing the  
audience to chime in with him.)

## THE PUDDING-BAG.

Written by the late T. Hndson.

Tune—Derry down.

To study the people, the climate, and weather,  
Dr. Johnson and Boswell a tour took together  
To Scotland, and some ban-yan days did  
endure,

For living, they found like the people, was  
poor. Derry down.

At a low little pot-house, one day like a glut-  
ton,

Johnson ha' orler'd a roast leg of mutton ;  
And Boswell, with appetite clever and 'cute,  
Spoke of a nice boil'd plum-pudding to boot.  
Derry down.

The mutton was ready—they sat down to  
dine— [fine!]

'I'm hungry,' says Boswell, 'this mutton is  
'Hem!' said the Doctor,—the pudding's a  
treat,

I've alter'd my mind—I can't eat any meat.'  
Derry down.

In silence they dined, and the cloth clear'd  
away, [day?]

And Boswell said, 'why did you leave meat to  
'Tis something uncommon, roast mutton be  
pass'd,

Strange that, you starving, should still longer  
fast! Derry down.

Said Johnson, If really the truth must be said,  
I saw the meat roasting—and saw the boy's  
head

Was lousy and scabby, and still as it ran,  
He scratch'd it with both his hands over the  
pan.' Derry down.

'Unfriendly,' said Boswell, 'to play such a  
trick,

The thoughts of it, even now, makes me heart-  
sick ; [broke,—]

If half-an-hour back, you your silence had  
Said Johnson—'no, that would have spoil'd a  
good joke.' Derry down.

Enraged, return'd Boswell, 'I'll have the boy  
in, [skin ;]

And, curse him, I'll break every bone in his  
Come here, you young rascal—say, how does  
it hap?

You don't on that vile scabby head wear a  
cap? Derry down.

Said the boy, 'why, gude sir, indeed it is true,  
Why I dinna wear cap?—deed, sir, I do ;  
But mither she kenning my cap wur a gude 'un  
She used it this mornin' to boil your plum-  
pudden.' Derry down.

## FORTY YEARS AGO.

'Tis now some forty years ago,

A man was in his prime ;

And forty years ago to him

Was then a merry time.

His heart was happy, light, and free,

But time has brought him low ;

Still he can with pleasure speak

Of Forty Years ago.

He gave to those who sought his aid,

The poor ne'er left his door ;

And shelter to the friendless gave,

For relief he gave in store

But age has now pass'd o'er his head,

He's seen each friend laid low ;

And all his youthful days are fled,

Full Forty Years ago.

Now all my once loved friends are dead,

(The old man breathed a sigh),

And I am left alone to weep,

(Of happy days gone by.

Now every thing to me seems strange,

This land I scarcely know ;

For all things now are changed,

Since Forty Years ago.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS  
TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,

In sunshine and in shade,

Since first beneath the chesnut tree

In infaney we played ;

But coldness dwells within thy heart,

A cloud is on thy brow—

We have been friends together,

Shall a light word part us now?

We have been friends together,

We have laughed at little jests,

For the fount of hope was gushing

Warm and joyous in our breasts ;

But laughter now has fled thy lip,

And sullen glooms thy brow—

We have been friends together,

Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,

We have wept with bitter tears

O'er the grass-grown graves, where sin  
bered

The hopes of early years.

Those voices which are silent

Would bid thee clear thy brow—

We have been sad together,

Oh! what shall part us now?



## OH! DEEM ME NOT SO POOR OF HEART.

Music published by D'Almaine, Soho-square.

Oh! deem me not so poor of heart,  
That one word lightly spoken  
Should bid me wish from thee to part,  
As 't'imer ties be broken;  
No, rather let it serve to prove  
How fondly, fervently we love!  
For Love, although in silken cords  
Our hearts he hath united,  
Ne'er pauses long on peevish words,  
When hearts and hopes are plighted;  
'Tis only when the heart grows cold,  
That Love withdraws its silken hold!

## WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND?

Music at Duncombe's, Middle Row, Holborn.

Queer sayings now are all the go,  
You cannot say I'm wrong;  
But there is one, I'd have you know,  
I've worked into a song,  
So where I will, in every street,  
I'm shook, sirs, by the hand;  
No matter who it is I meet,  
It's 'What are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

One morn I'd been to get some cash,  
From a swell at the West-end;  
Resolved I was to cut a dash,  
When I met with an old friend  
I told him of the errand I'd been,  
When he takes me by the hand,—  
I'm glad to hear it, my boy, says he,  
'Now what are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

Says I, 'I doesn't mind a drop,  
My spirits it will rouse;  
So then we toddles in a shop,  
Near to Somerset House.  
Inside a lot began to shout,  
As though it had been plann'd,  
It isn't often we get you out,  
Now what are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

Spent, sirs, very near a crown,  
My cash was getting shorter;  
For the liquor they sent rolling down,  
As though it had been water.  
A wench my arm began to shake,  
I could her hide have tann'd,  
When she says, 'For old acquaintance sake,  
What are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

Thinks I, again! this will not do,  
So I bolted from the lot;  
But ran against a man I knew,  
Ere a hundred yards I'd got!  
I told him of the crew I'd met,  
Says he, 'I understand;  
And now you've escaped from such a set,  
What are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

My song I now conclude—in this  
You'll all agree, I think,  
My friends, that this is quite the march  
Of intellect in drink;  
When the landlord he puts out the light,  
I shall take him by the hand,—  
'You've had a good room, my boy, to-night,  
Now what are you going to stand?'  
Tol lol, &c.

## THERE CAME A MINSTREL OLD AND GREY.

Music published by Duncombe and Moon.

There came a Minstrel old and grey,  
All weary, worn, from far away;  
He tun'd his harp at evening's fall,  
In proud Sir Hubert's banner'd hall.  
He sang of love a tender lay,  
Of battle field and deadly fray;  
He struck the chord of joy and pain,  
Of young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

One lay was of a high born dame,  
And well Sir Hubert knew her name,  
So happy once, but mourning now,  
A broken or forgotten vow.  
Yet still she loved him, ah, too well,  
Her's were the passion and the pain,  
Words may not speak but tears could tell  
Young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

Sir Hubert mounts his fleetest steed,  
And spurs him to his swiftest speed;  
Far from the bright romantic Rhine,  
He lowly kneels at a holy shrine.  
And there's a maiden by his side,  
Who long hath lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,  
For she is vow'd proud Hubert's bride,  
The young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

## AMIDST THE MYRTLES.

A Glee.

Amidst the myrtles as I walk,  
Love and myself thus enter talk:  
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,  
Where I may find my Shepherdess.  
Tell me, said I, &c.

# MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,

Sipp'd brandy and water gaily,  
And he quenched his thirst with two quarts of the first,

To a pint of the latter daily;  
Singing, 'O that a Dutchman's draught could be

As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

Water well mingled with spirit good store,

No Hollander dreams of scorning;

But of water alone he drinks no more,

Than a rose supplies when a dewdrop lies

On its bloom in a summer morning;

For a Dutchman's draught should be,

Though deep, as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

## GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL

From Rice's Opera of 'Oh, Hush!'

Down in ole Wurginny,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

A gun dat massa gib me,

To go an' shoot de 'coon.

Wid a hida ka dink, ah, ah!

Oh, Roley, Boley!

Wid a hida ka dink—who dare?

Good morning, ladies all.

Den I take my ole rifle,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

Get powder for a trifle,

An' go to shoot de 'coon.

Wid his hida, &c.

Den I saw de coon a swingin';

Oh, Roley, Boley;

Den I cock'd my gun an' bring him,

An' down cum Mister 'coon.

Wid his hida, &c.

He lodged upon a bramble,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

Den I begin to scramble,

To get him down de tree.

Wid his hida, &c.

He dead, or bery nearly,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

I tink I love him dearly,

Cause he make such good soup.

Wid his hida, &c.

After dat I leabe Wurginny

Oh, Roley, Boley;

An' go to ole Kentucky,

On my way to New Orleans.

Wid his hida, &c.

Den I got a wife on Sunday,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

My son cum down a Monday,

An' I neber seed a finer.

Wid his hida, &c.

Den I sen' my son to college,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

Whar he got his sense an' knowledge,

An' grow'd up to a man.

Wid his hida, &c.

His learning cost me a dollar,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

An' now he is a lawyer,

An' soon will be a judge.

Wid his hida, &c.

So I gwan away to-morrow,

Oh, Roley, Boley;

Oh, people ain't you sorry

As I leabe Louisiany?

Wid his hida, &c.

## I'M A GENT.

Air—I'm Afloat.

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, I'm a gent ready made;  
I roam through the Quadrant and Lowther  
Arcade;

I'm a registered swell from the top to the toe

I wear a moustache and a light paletot.

I've a cane in my hand, and a glass at my eye.

And I wink at the girls, demme, as they go by.

Then lor, how they giggle, to win my regards!

And I hear them all say, 'He's a gent in the

Guards!' [style,

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, in the Regent-street

Examine my waistcoat, and look at my tile!

There are gents, I dare say, who are hand-

somer far,

But none that can puff with such ease a cigar.

I can sing a flash song, I can blow on the horn.

I like sherry cobblers, I'm fond of Cremorne;

I love the Cellarius, the Polka I dance,

And I'm rather attached—to a party—from

France.

The girl I adore is a creature divine,

Though dev'lish partial to lobsters and wine.

She was struck with my figure, and caught

with a hook;

For I took her to visit 'my uncle the Duke.'

I'm a gent, &c.